

Assay the Assail

by Cooper Renner

Assay the Assail, mates! It's the rodeo, and oh how we rode! Did you commend the commandments in proper order? Kiss; pass. Piss, Cassie! Oh the fleshy freshness, the flash of the spouts, the tropical jellies coming out. And out. Did you put them back in? Under the dusty human umbrella, the bloom of betrayal, the hitch of the belaying, the rope and the pinions. And the pitons! No one is a Puritan under all that powder! And Nature never objects to dander or the hot wafting catch of smoke on the breeze. It's shiny, it's shine that touches every nerve. And the dust. I mention it again. It's a codicil to your will.

